

CANTON

Impressive memorial services for the late President were held at the Opera House, Canton, on Friday afternoon, the seating capacity of the hall being filled. Hon. John P. Swasey presided and the following program was carried out: Prayer, Rev. F. M. Lamb; Hymn, Scripture reading, Dorothy Morse; vocal solo, Rev. F. M. Lamb; address by Col. Philo Hersey of San Jose, Calif., for the G. A. R.; Supt. W. L. Chase for the schools; Rev. M. L. Hadley for the town; Rev. Edgar Wolfe of Lewiston for the State; and Hon. J. P. Swasey for the nation; benediction. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags, ferns and goldenrod. Places of refreshment were closed during the services.

Mrs. S. T. Hayden has returned from the hospital at Brookline, Mass., much benefited by her treatment there. Her friend, Miss Belle Peters of Quincy, Mass., returned with her for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned M. Russell of Boston are guests of his father, A. F. Russell, and family.

Ellie Sampson and family have moved from Fayette to the Wright house on Spring Street.

George Rose and family are visiting relatives in Walpole, Mass.

Miss May Alley of Boston has been spending her vacation with her father, A. H. Alley, and brother C. S. Alley and family.

Frank C. Bartlett and wife of Long Island, N. Y., have been guests of his brother, Fred C. Bartlett, and family. They made the trip by auto.

Mr. and Mrs. Lottie Littlefield and son, Leslie, Jr., of Lynn, Mass., have been guests of his cousin, Mrs. Ears Chamberlain and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer H. Lane and little son, who have been living in Casper, Wyoming, for the past few years, have started by auto on their trip to Maine, where they plan to locate. They expect to arrive the last of August or the first days of September.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Childs of Lewiston, Mrs. Bertrice Childs Stanley and daughter, Virginia, of Taunton, Mass., and cousin, Miss Fletcher, of Manchester, N. H., have been calling on relatives and friends in Canton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Patterson of Orange, N. J., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ray. They were former residents of Canton, Mr. Patterson being employed as bookkeeper for the L. W. Smith Company.

Miss Nina Russell has resigned her position at Natick, Mass., and has gone to Portland for a couple of months.

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NEW ENGLAND CROP OUT-
LOOK REASONABLY GOOD

Reports for the New England Crop Reporting Service as of August 1, show that the outlook for crops is mostly fair to good yields and high quality. Most of the main hay crop has been harvested with but little rain damage, and although yields outside southern Maine, northern New Hampshire, and Vermont run slightly under average, the quality and feeding value are excellent. Southern Maine, northern New Hampshire, and Vermont have big hay crops. Lack of help will cause some hay to go unharvested, and the harvested acreage of hay is likely to be lessened. Late rains are bringing the hay crop on rapidly. Pastures which during the drought had become totally dried up, are reviving, and should help to keep the live stock in good condition. The other feed crops oats, barley, buckwheat, and corn are not quite up to average, due to lack of rains in June and early July, but corn is now coming on fast.

Prospects for the New England potato crop declined from a forecast, July 1, of 37,610,000 bushels to 36,546,000 bushels, August 1. Last year's short crop was 32,240,000 and the 5 year average 37,760,000. Up to date July, the season in Aroostook, Maine and in Connecticut was unfavorable, but late rains are making rapid improvement in Aroostook's crop. The stand there was early judged quite poor, but later opinion considers it up to average for the coming season. Elsewhere in New England the crop mostly is in good condition and promises well.

The August 1 forecast for United States potatoes is 379,553,000 bushels, against 381,226,000 forecast July 1, and last year's bumper crop of 451,187,000 and the 5 year average of 500,173,000. City brought small declines in New York, Minnesota, and Colorado, but other states gained about an equal amount. Marketwise, the present outlook appears quite favorable.

Reports from the fruit men forecast a commercial apple crop for New England of 1,000,000 bushels against 1,260,000 last year, and the five year average of 1,163,000. July brought a slight decline. In spite of many irregularities, the crop outlook tends to be quite uniform over New England this year. Astrachan and Transparent lead as the favorite summer varieties in all states, while McIntosh leads in fall apples with Wealthy and Snow as close seconds. Seed in Maine is reported quite prevalent, but on the whole, the outlook is for fruit of good quality. New England's peach crop is mostly quite good, as pears are generally a light crop.

Washington county, Maine produces the bulk of the United States commercial blueberry crop, and reports a good crop this year.

The Connecticut valley crop of set onions is now being harvested and marketed, and yields run from 200 to 400 bags per acre. Sets have 17 per cent of total onion acreage, and seed onions 8 per cent. Seed onions are mostly poor, due to unfavorable weather and thripes. Late rains should benefit the crop more or less.

Breaking away from a succession of years unfavorable to tobacco, this season promises a tobacco crop much better in yields and quality than has been produced in several years. Hail damage to date is less than usual, and early crops are being harvested in good condition.

Massachusetts holds first place in the cultivation of cranberries, and the present outlook is for a crop much better than for some years past.

V. A. SANDERS
C. D. STEVENS
Baptist Church

PROTECTION OF WHITE PINE
FROM BLISTER RUST PAYS
BIG DIVIDENDS

The experience of the past 7 years is that the white pine blister rust is present continually, that control can be put well, and that the destruction of all kinds of willow and salal shrubs and ground-cover plants, within 500 feet of pines. Thus losses spread the disease but at greater distances are not so easily distinguishable as pines. The exception is the celebrated black willow which may infect pine within 500 feet of one pine. No other plants, except the blister rust to white pine, can spread the disease and it does not spread directly from pine to pine.

In the northeastern states, the cost of destroying currant and gooseberry vines averaged about 25 cents per acre last year. This has cost represents the average expenditure for clearing a large area in the different States. The cost of protecting the individual tree may be more or less depending largely upon the number of bushes to be protected, the character of ground to be covered and the efficiency of individuals doing the work. When effort is really well in done eradication will not be necessary for at least 5 to 10 years or longer, except perhaps in local areas where the bushes were originally very numerous.

Assuming roundabout necessary to where but one found before.

MAINE WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL
REVIEW

Home Building, Business Expansion and National Development are Steadily and Surely Progressing. Railroads reach out into New Territory, Wage Schedules Improve and Prosperity is Assured when Industries and Investments are Encouraged and Protected by Sound, Sober Public Opinion.

Portland—New state pier ready to accommodate trans-Atlantic passengers. Caribou—Rapid progress made in potato development in this vicinity.

Portland—Liverpool Steamship Company planned by Canadian Pacific Rail-

way.

Sanford—New 4-story business building to be erected at cost of \$30,000.

Portland—Pocumtuck Fuel Company making extensive improvements at plant.

Caribou—Plans being made for building new warehouses at loading points.

Portland—Portland Water District planning to erect new buildings on recently purchased property.

South Portland—New hall at Thornton Heights under construction.

Portland—Riche & Company purchases \$18,000 building from Bradbury Realty Company.

Farmington—Work completed on paving state highway from Gardiner to Hallowell.

Portland—General Sales & Service Company to establish tire sales business.

Millinocket—New road up Mt. Katahdin constructed by Great Northern Paper Company.

Portland—Contract let for construction of sewer on Forest avenue.

Augusta—Northeastern Forest Experiment Station to begin operation Aug. 1.

Prentiss—Kingman & Prentiss Telephone Company organized at Bangor with \$10,000 capital.

Bangor—Contract let for construction of brick buildings on Hammonasset street.

Thomaston—New school building to be erected.

Bangor—E. M. G. Hospital to have addition and improvements costing \$110,000.

Lowiston—\$200,000 armory to be erected.

Belfast—City National Bank shows marked increase in business during past 6 months.

The first gas company in the United States was established in 1818, and there are now 45,000,000 persons in the country who use gas for lighting, heating and cooking, and customers increase at the rate of 350,000 a year.

ENCOURAGING ADVANCE IN U. S. HOME LIFE AND INDUSTRIES

In eight years electric light and power companies alone have attracted 425,000 consumers as purchasers of electricity stock. The official estimate is that a total of one million customer stock owners will be rolled up within the next three years.

One utility company recently distributed a \$15,000,000 issue among 40,000 customers and 16,000 employees.

W. E. Clegg, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, this year

radicalized his address at the annual meeting, and the company even went so far as to rig up revolving in different communities so that entire audiences could hear him speak.

The industry figures upon requiring \$1,000,000,000 new capital next year.

Bell telephones in the United States far outnumber telephones in all other countries of the world combined. There are 10,000 separate telephone companies in the United States, of which 9,000 connect their stations with the Bell System.

There are also many rural and 400,000 new lines, over 37,000 of which are not with the Bell System.

Consumers and employees, it is figured, will come now on formula at least one-half of the country's total capital or government. The amount coming from all sources this year is expected to approximate \$100,000,000.

Individuals in our recent daily newspaper columns include lawyers, doctors, clergymen, government employees, newspaper men, manufacturers, engineers, bankers, business, bankers, publishers, business, carpenters, mechanics, workers, and others, the list including the following:

Dyeing Plants in Open Streets.

The dyers of Jaipur—the rajah city or capital of the “native state” of Jaipur, one of the several federated states that today go to make up the Republic of India—have but one way of dying out their goods taken from the pot. The long wide pieces must be carried about by two bearers in the sunshines and breezes of the open streets. Therefore, at every turn one sees great orange or crimson banners about and the roasting with of activity. A specialty is a hundred pieces of turban cloth, so that they take several dyeings at once. Often these have three and four colors in variegated patterns. These dyeing yardage strips add a very riot of color to the already kaleidoscopic market-places.

To look down along one of the wide main thoroughfares of Jaipur is to believe one is looking at a picture, a circus or a festival.

Left Out Important Thing.

A grocer on Beaubien street was explaining some of the little dramas of the trade. Take mustard, he said. Mustard would be pretty cheap if it were not for the containers it comes in. “A traveling man,” he continued, “offered me a new brand of mustard a while ago at a good price and I ordered a quantity. It sold fast. When he arrived again I told him I wanted more. But I found the price was boosted. ‘Why is that?’ I asked him.

“It seems that in figuring up his costs the new manufacturer had fig-

ured the cost of his glass jar, the label and the tin cover, but had forgotten the cost of the mustard.”—Detroit News.

Fasting Among Negroes.

In the earlier days fasting among negroes was a common custom precedent to conversion. Dr. Charles T. Walker, a distinguished preacher of the colored race, known as the “Black Surgeon,” describes his own experience in his biography, the Detroit News states. On Wednesday of a certain week in the month of June, while he was hoeing cotton, Walker decided to become a “weeker.” He followed the usual custom. When he reached the end of the row, without saying a word to anybody, he jumped over the fence and went into the woods. Without eating or drinking, without seeing anyone, he remained in the woods until the following Saturday afternoon, when he was “happily converted.”

Interned Watchers.

The man who had just taken his watch from the repair shop asked, for curiosity's sake, how long timepieces were kept, when left there by careless owners. “Well,” said the repair man, “in the first place, we never sell a watch no matter how long the owner leaves it here. But a few days ago a man came in to claim his watch and was actually peevish because we experienced a little delay in finding it. It had been here almost exactly three years.”—Detroit News.

Allen Brooks, for 20 years assistant secretary of the department of public utilities at the State House, Boston, is publishing a compilation of the laws of Massachusetts relating to gas and electric companies.

An intoxicated pigeon cooling softly and reeling about the sidewalk on Main street, Lawton, Mo., was found by Arthur Goodwin and Fred Ham. It soon became very groggy, and in a helpless condition was removed to Mr. Goodwin's home, where it sobered up during the night and appeared to be in perfectly good health when it was released next morning.

Joseph, aged 14, son of Antonio De Palce, was taken to a Worcester, Mass., hospital suffering from probably fatal punctures of the abdomen caused by the explosion of a coil of covered coal mine blasting wire which the boy and three young companions found in a pile of coal in a coal yard and placed on a fire under a boiler in the yard. The police are investigating.

A successful case of applying adenalin chloride to the heart of an apparently dead person was reported when Dr. H. Leo Devine of Springfield, Mass., revived 1-year-old Louis Leger. The child fell from its crib to the floor in such a way as to strangle before the mother discovered the accident. Dr. Devine tried all other possible means of saving life before he resorted to the drug.

The Smith & Dore Manufacturing Company of Andover, Mass., has awarded service pins to the older employees. James Phillips, who had worked for the company 35 years until he was pensioned two years ago, was the recipient of a gold pin with the Smith & Dore seal, set with chipped diamonds. This pin is awarded after 50 years of service, and the only other one to receive it was Alexander Laurent, who was retired some time ago.

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GIFT OF THE DESERT

by RANDALL PARRISH

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SYNOPSIS

rock strewn and almost as desolate as had been the desert itself, but with here and there a patch of grass visible, and a few scattered, wind-racked trees. It was a scene scarcely less



What Was It Over Yonder?

dearer than the upper plain, yet to Deborah and her horse was most welcome.

The latter came down the slanting bank gingerly and made for the nearest water hole, the girl slipping quickly from the saddle and seeking to quench her thirst farther upstream. The water, slightly brackish, but still fairly clear and pure, brought new life, the animal wandering about in his fresh environment, nibbling contentedly at the scattered tufts of grass, while Deborah studied her surroundings with awakened interest.

CHAPTER V.—Meager seeks the girl, but she stuns him with the stables, hoping to secure a horse, and, securing two horses, the pair ride into the desert.

CHAPTER VI.—Alone with Kelleen, the girl becomes somewhat apprehensive, telling her of his service in France, where he was wounded, and she asks him to tell her of his experiences. The girl looks herself up.

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CHAPTER IX.—While the girl is sleeping exhausted, Kelleen disappears. Later, from a hiding place, Deborah hears him talking with Juan Sanchez, assistant of Meager, and from the conversation she learns that he is really a member of the gang. Her apprehensions returned, she seeks to escape, but is seized by a concealed man.

CHAPTER X.—Deborah's captor cautions her to what is apparently a cave. Feeling he has her securely a prisoner, he begins to search her, and she seeks a way of escape. Exploring the cave she finds the body of a dead man, who had been shot in the back. She is shocked, but continues her search for a way out. Finding a passage, which apparently leads to the open air, the girl is almost free when her guard returns and fires at her. She drops to the ground, but after a time succeeds in finding her way out of the cave.

CHAPTER XI.—While resting, after her terrible experience, Deborah hears a conversation between Bob Meager and Kelleen, two parts of a vicious quarrel. The two parts, Kelleen and Meager, are apparently seeking something. She meets Meager, who has been searching for her, and, repulsed by his appearance, she leaves him. While they are conversing, Kelleen discovers the presence, on the trail, of some men of an outfit which she had heard of, and a notorious character named Casper, and is dubious on the way into Mexico with arms and ammunition.

CHAPTER XII.—Kelleen explains the situation to Deborah, telling her he has got word to a party of American citizens who are working in the area known as the canyon to capture her and her horse. She is apparently seeking something. She meets Meager, who has been searching for her, and, repulsed by his appearance, she leaves him. While they are conversing, Kelleen discovers the presence, on the trail, of some men of an outfit which she had heard of, and a notorious character named Casper, and is dubious on the way into Mexico with arms and ammunition.

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CHAPTER XIV.—A short distance from the spot Deborah is met by the men whom Kelleen had been riding. The men shoot her horse to the ground, and Kelleen staggers forward through the sand into the light of day. When at that follows, she finds she is within, but a jumble of events, yet each distinct, unfamiliar, turned on her soul. True, it could not be true! It must be delusion, a wild fiction of romance racing in the brain of a half-asleep dreamer. Yet this was the desert—the desert! She lifted her eyes to look gazing out blindly over the dull gray expanse. What was it over there? a tree? a ridge of uplifted rocks? Not much, surely, and yet everything in midst of that solitude. Her heart beat suddenly with hope. Perhaps that marked the end; perhaps that was where the trail ran—the trail to her safety. If so, God was good!

The tired horse lifted his head, and whinnied, breathing late a slow, tired, whinnying under his load. Deborah was wide awake now, alert and ready. Yet it actually was a tree, and the tops of others began to show beyond; their presence promised water, green life; that horrid desert left behind. Yet it was a long, dreary ride of an hour before they reached here, coming to a shallow valley through which trickled a mere stream.

CHAPTER XIV

"Alvara's Lost Mine."

Kelleen lay breathless on his back, staring up uncomprehendingly through the tangled branches of a tree. He was bruised, dazed, scarcely certain whether he was dead or alive, yet dimly aware of what had actually occurred. He remembered the split of flame out of the darkness, the report, the bullet striking him, and the horror of that awful fall, as he grasped madly at the air. And what then? Did he lose consciousness? Did the shock numb his brain? He must have crashed headlong through those tree limbs, his progress stopped and diverted, until, by some fate, his bruised and battered body had been flung here, like a bit of driftwood on the bench.

He extended his arms, and felt about to be sure—yes, he lay there on a shelf of earth, out of which that tree grew; the gnarled trunk was within reach of his hand, and another, a smaller one, was at the left. It was so dark there he could see little, yet that fire was still below, and if he should roll off, he would have another sheer drop, God knew how far. He dare make no effort to turn over. How badly was he hurt? He dared to learn the truth, yet forced himself partially to sit up and examine. There was a hole in the coat, but none in the shirt beneath; the flesh was torn, but painful to the touch and decidedly swollen. The bullet had struck him, but failed to penetrate; had been deflected by something—his watch? Surely; he carried it there in his upper coat pocket. His fingers drew the watch forth, and the bullet dropped into his lap; he picked it up—another .44—with a queer feeling of horror, and then placed it in a pocket. The ruins of the watch, smashed beyond repair, lie flying away. For the moment he was dazed, what it all meant remained vague and confused.

Kelleen began to understand, and his mind to function. He was not killed, not even seriously hurt. He had been almost miraculously saved; now he must serve himself. He harbored no doubt as to who had shot him, or why. The very manner in which it had been done, out of the concealment of the night, revealed the method of Bob Meager. It was his fashion, he never met his enemies face to face. Yet why should the fellow have held him as an enemy? The only answer Kelleen could find to this query was Deborah. There was no other satisfactory explanation. Bob had not previously known the woman he had left the ranch; he believed her still there, hidden in his stepmother's room, his helpless victim on his return. Otherwise the man had nothing against Kelleen, had no suspicion of him, except possibly a desire that he keep out of this particular affair. That surely was not sufficient to justify an old Tom's training. Evidence was found—the scattered dead ashes of a fire; the mark of a shot horse's hoof, an open sheath knife, the blade not yet rusted from exposure, and a half-dozen emptied cartridge shells. Later, upstream a few rods, she found where a downed horse had been tied to a picket rope, stamping his hoofs into the soft sod. But beyond this point the soil ceased, and, whatever trail there was vanished on a surface of hard rock which left no trace. Surely he must have left some trail behind.

But if no trace remained along the western shore. Convinced of this, Deborah, leading her horse, crossed the narrow stream, stepping from rock to rock, and clambering up the level plateau on the other side. Even here little was visible, and she would have overlooked even these signs but for old Tom's training. Evidence was found—the scattered dead ashes of a fire; the mark of a shot horse's hoof, an open sheath knife, the blade not yet rusted from exposure, and a half-dozen emptied cartridge shells. Later, upstream a few rods, she found where a downed horse had been tied to a picket rope, stamping his hoofs into the soft sod. But beyond this point the soil ceased, and, whatever trail there was vanished on a surface of hard rock which left no trace. Surely he must have left some trail behind.

What had become of her? Kelleen had no recollection of a second shot, so it was altogether probable she had been spared, and was again a prisoner in the hands of her brutal husband. If so, no greater service could be rendered the girl than an exposure of Bob Meager's baseness.

CHAPTER XV.—Alone with Kelleen, the girl becomes somewhat apprehensive, telling her of his service in France, where he was wounded, and she asks him to tell her of his experiences. The girl looks herself up.

CHAPTER XVI.—While resting, after her terrible experience, Deborah hears a conversation between Bob Meager and Kelleen, two parts of a vicious quarrel. The two parts, Kelleen and Meager, are apparently seeking something. She meets Meager, who has been searching for her, and, repulsed by his appearance, she leaves him. While they are conversing, Kelleen discovers the presence, on the trail, of some men of an outfit which she had heard of, and a notorious character named Casper, and is dubious on the way into Mexico with arms and ammunition.

CHAPTER XVII.—Kelleen explains the situation to Deborah, telling her he has got word to a party of American citizens who are working in the area known as the canyon to capture her and her horse. She is apparently seeking something. She meets Meager, who has been searching for her, and, repulsed by his appearance, she leaves him. While they are conversing, Kelleen discovers the presence, on the trail, of some men of an outfit which she had heard of, and a notorious character named Casper, and is dubious on the way into Mexico with arms and ammunition.

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The tired horse lifted his head, and whinnied, breathing late a slow, tired, whinnying under his load. Deborah was wide awake now, alert and ready. Yet it actually was a tree, and the tops of others began to show beyond; their presence promised water, green life; that horrid desert left behind. Yet it was a long, dreary ride of an hour before they reached here, coming to a shallow valley through which trickled a mere stream.

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